

The Evening World
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A BLISTERING SHAME!

IT IS TIME Mr. Taft was called to account for the present policy of weather.

He is repeating the mistakes of last year. Under the present administration the country has suffered three severe and unpardonable droughts.

With Mr. Taft in the White House the electorate of the nation has sweltered through the hottest spells felt in a generation.

The thermometer has gone so high that it is now almost indistinguishable from the coat of living.

Is the country to be parched and blistered by four years more of this blazing Republican insolence and incompetency?

Turn the rascals out!

Give us an administration that will guarantee a downward revision of the temperature!

Give us a party that believes in rain and shine as the farmer and the workingman are entitled to have 'em!

What we want is a platform of cool days and moderate sunshine, with rain only between the hours of 2 A. M. and 5 A. M., when it will bother nobody except the milkman, and even he can get the benefit by leaving the covers off his cans.

Enough of this Taft weather!

ARCTIC CHEER.

My beard and mustache, coated with icicles, became one solid mass of ice. I inadvertently put out my tongue and it instantly froze to my lip. I put up my mittened hands to blow hot and thus the unruly member from its imprisonment. Instead of succeeding, my mitten was itself a mass of ice in a moment.

A sailor incautiously did some of his outdoor work without mittens. His hands froze. One of them was plunged into a basin of water in the cabin and the intense cold of the hand instantly froze the water instead of the water thawing the hand.

The beard, eyebrows, eyelashes and the downy pubescence of the ears acquire a delicate white and perfectly enveloping cover of venerable hoar frost. The mustache and underlip form pendulous beads of dangling ice. Your chin has a trick of freezing to your upper jaw by the luting aid of your beard.

We performed a farce called "The Mysteries and Miseries of New York." The thermometer outside stood at 46 degrees below zero. Inside the audience and actors, by the aid of lungs, lamps and hangings, got as high as 30 degrees below zero, only 16 below the freezing point. The condensation was so excessive that we could barely see the performers; they walked in a cloud of vapor. Any extra vehemence of delivery was accompanied by volumes of smoke. Their hands steamed. When an excited actor took off his coat, it smoked like a dish of hot potatoes. One of the actors had to enact the part of a don't with bare arms, and when a cold shiver, part of the "properties" of the theatre, touched his arm the sensation was like that of burning with a hot iron.

One night the temperature sank to 59 degrees below zero, and on another occasion the degree of cold reached was 62 1/2, or 64 1/2 degrees below the freezing point.

—Dr. Kane's narrative of the expedition in search of Franklin.

"IN GERMANY women have no political rights whatever," a visitor from the Fatherland told the Woman's Trade Union League the other night. "They have no vote in state legislatures or in any city council. Nor does the woman movement seem to promise much there as yet."

Many people have wondered why German women look so happy and jolly and capable and contented.

RATS returning from foreign travel on incoming vessels are in excellent health, thank you, except a few dozens overcome by the solicitude of our inquiries.

THE "sleek horse" and the "shiny motor truck"! Everybody wishes the former could pile it all on the latter these days.

THE price of meat is going still some higher. Well, those who eat much of it this weather won't be worried long!

Men are reasoning rather than reasonable animals.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.
FELL IN DUEL
JULY 11, 1804.

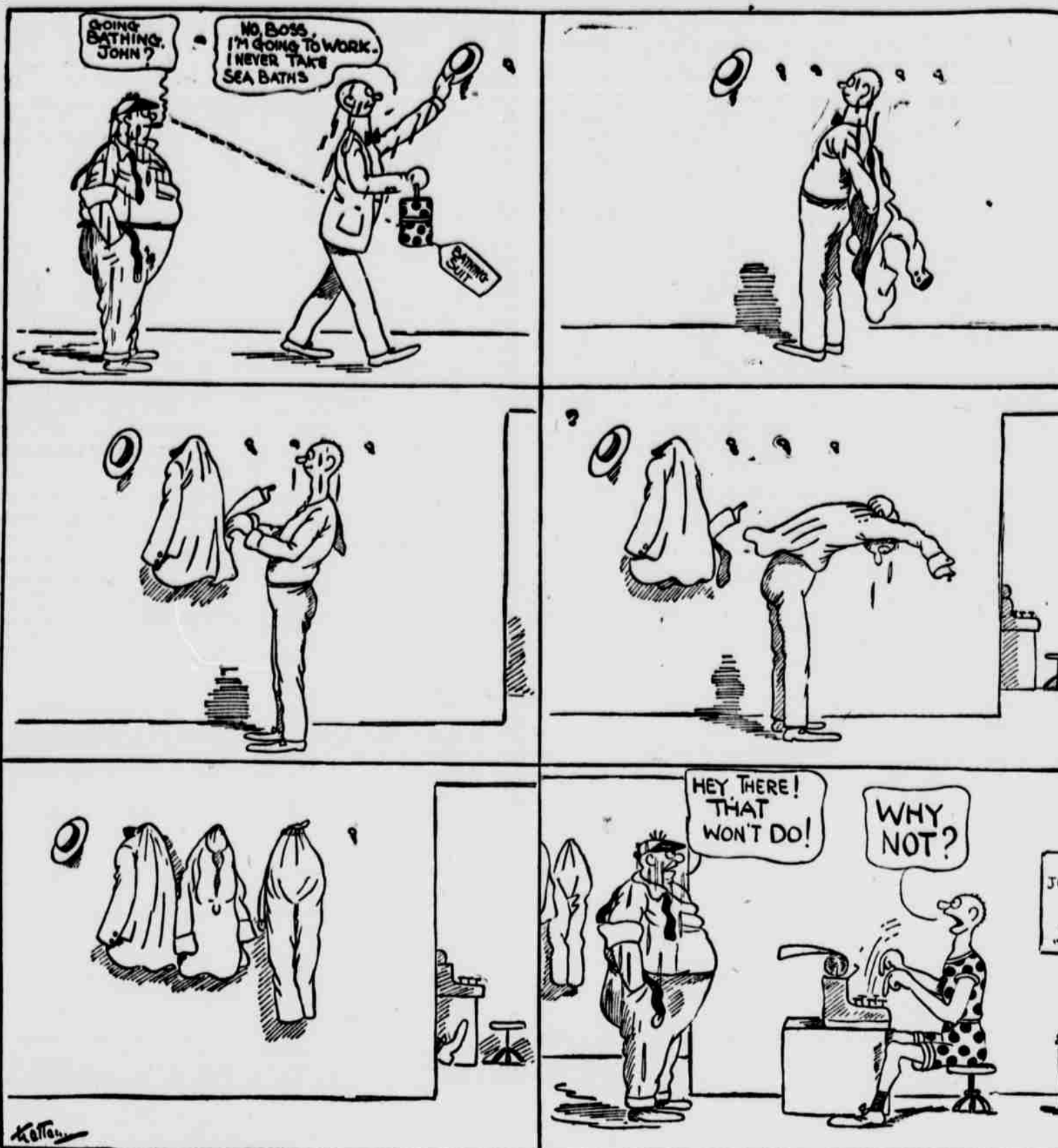
Letters From the People

Engineering in the Tropics.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
We have heard a great deal of the work done by civil engineers in the tropics. Would some readers who have had experience along that line advise us concerning employment, pay, conditions, etc., down there?

Two Young Engineers.
"Art and Nature."
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I read about "Art and Nature on the Stage." Experience is no less essential to the chorus in the rendering of a smooth performance than it is to the leading lights of the opera. This "freshness and innocence," etc., is always accompanied by awkwardness and self-consciousness, to overcome which it requires not merely a few months but sometimes many years of patient, hard work and training. Spontaneity and repose, and that insouciance which is indispensable to true art—(whether it be the drama, music, singing, dancing, painting or any of the other arts)—must be acquired. Nature is all very well in itself and in its place. But in art, this very naturalness—or the appearance of such—is brought about through the employment of artificial means.

True art on the stage seems to me to be no longer wanted. It was long since superseded by the pretty face and fine clothes. Hence the present scarcity of talent. The eye is entirely too much appealed to.

Why Not? (Continued) By Maurice Ketten



The Jarr Family Mr. Jarr Decides That Winter's Backbone Is Broken at Last

or string of beads." Oh, all this talk of hot weather is what makes people think it is warm!" said Mr. Jarr. "I darkened the rooms and sat by the window with some lead tea and it didn't seem so warm. And no matter if it WAS warm, that doesn't excuse you for being in untidy undress." And, so saying, Mrs. Jarr waved a palm leaf fan and dusted herself on the nose with her ever handy powder pad. "Well, I know what I'm going to do," said Mr. Jarr, as he hung up his coat and hat. "I'm going to take a shower bath."

"You're not going to do anything of the kind!" said Mrs. Jarr. "Gertrude has just shined the bright work in the bathroom and you'll get it all tarnished again."

"What's the shower bath for?" asked Mr. Jarr. "An ornament!" "Well," said Mrs. Jarr, "now that you have remained me of it, I think I'll take a shower bath myself."

And before she could be stayed she had slipped past him and pre-empted that spraying couch.

Just for that Mr. Jarr marched out of the house and down to Gus's place on the corner.

"Gimme a big, cold, tall one, Gus!" he gasped, and clung to the bar rail with an "I am saved" expression.

"I just tapped a fresh keg," said Gus. "and it's just off the wagon. You wait, I'll wait about ten minutes before it gets cold in the ice coils."

"Wait ten minutes for a glass of beer in a saloon?" cried Mr. Jarr. "I'll go some place else."

"I don't care," said Gus calmly. "Your trade ain't worth much, and there ain't any money in beer these days, anyhow. The hard stuff is the only thing that pays."

"Make me a rickety while I wait," said Mr. Jarr, looking out onto the torrid street and reflecting how far it was to the next place.

"I ain't got any times," said Gus. "Anyhow, chin ain't good for you. Take a straight drink."

"I don't want a straight drink," said Mr. Jarr. "Be a good fellow, Gus. Fix me up a big cold julep or something. Plenty of cracked ice."

"I ain't got no mint," replied Gus. "Gee! But I never seen such a fussy fellow as you are. Ain't you satisfied with anything but something I ain't got?"

"What's the matter with you?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Oh, it's too hot to fuss," said Gus. "or I'd tell you what's the matter with you. You better go home if you don't think you get treated right by me."

Mr. Jarr was going to say he didn't get treated right at home, either, but concluded not to mention it, as Gus didn't appear to be in the mood to pity anybody just then.

"Let me have a glass of beer, Gus?" begged Mr. Jarr. "It's cold enough now."

"No it ain't," said Gus. "My mother is a 'peached customer is the best advertisement,' and I ain't going to draw no beer for nobody when it ain't just right."

"It isn't the heat that drives a man crazy, it's the kind of friends he has," muttered Mr. Jarr. "By George! Would anybody believe it? This place might as well be a hardware store for all the comfort it is to a man just now!"

And he walked out and to his home, where Mrs. Jarr, cool and radiant from her shower bath, and in a fresh white wrapper, asked him why he had come home fuming about the heat simply as an excuse to rush out to the saloon and drink beer—"Which," as Mrs. Jarr sagely remarked, "only makes you warmer. Look at you now!"

KIND OF HER.
The young man was disconsolate. Said he: "I asked her if I could see her home."

"Why, certainly," she answered, "I will send you a picture of it."—Ladies Home Journal.

And say—Make that TWO steaks while you're about it!

Mr. A. (as a greeting)—Where've you been?
Mr. A. (mopping his melting brow)—Why, darling, I've been to the South Pole to see whether Amundsen left it in good condition!
Mrs. A. (spitefully)—For goodness' sake, don't try to be funny in this heat—it might cause a prostration!
Mr. A. (angrily)—Well, where'd you s'pose I've been? Sweltering at my desk in the hottest place known in captivity! That's where I've been!
Mrs. A. (deliberately and coldly)—YES, YOU HAVE! I called your office three times and every time they said you had "just stepped out!"
Mr. A. (rebelliously)—Well, why can't I step out if I want to? I'm a pretty regular meal ticket to this establishment and if I want to step out for a breath of air I'd like to know who's going to stop me!
Mrs. A. (significantly)—But DID you step out for a breath of air?
Mr. A. (peeling off—Certainly I did. Say, suppose you're trying to get me to say I went out for a drink. Well, I DID! Seize lemonade—a wild, wanton and dissolute beverage, is it not? What did you want when you called up?
Mrs. A.—I was going to suggest that you come home real early, before the rush hour, you know, and take a nice warm bath and rest a bit before dinner.
Mr. A. (wildly)—A WARM bath! Say, out that Christian Science stuff now—I'm not in the mood for it!
Mrs. A. (hastily)—It isn't Christian Science at all—see? To-day a man who's supposed to be the highest authority in the country published a list of hot weather "don'ts," and I cut them out to read to you, because they're exactly opposite to everything you do!
Mr. A. (blithely)—Of course! That's the reason you cut them out. If they had been what I DO you'd have thrown the paper away before I got home!
Mrs. A. Now Ferdinand, don't be

domestic dialogues.

By Alma Woodward

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The Hot Weather "Don'ts."

Scene: A New York flat. Time: 6:30 P. M. (A key is heard in the lock. Mr. A. amies up the hall, dead with the heat. Mr. A. rushes out to meet him.)

Oh, all right, go ahead!

Mrs. A. (reading)—Don't take alcohol of any sort into your system.

Mr. A. (murmuring)—Ye-eh, that's what they all say.

Mrs. A. (continuing)—Baths twice a day in WARM water—cold water stimulates the blood and makes you suffer afterward.

Mr. A. (indistinctly)—Ye-eh—sounds fine!

Mrs. A.—Don't eat meats, starches or spices.

Mr. A. (drearily)—You—don't—say—really!

Mrs. A.—Avoid electric fans, don't eat ice or drink iced liquids.

(An insidious snore, that gains vigor as it proceeds, comes from the lax figure in the chair.)

Mrs. A. (incensed)—Ferdinand! Wake up and listen to the rules!

Mr. A. (awaking with a start)—Oh, I was so hot and tired! (Arises.)

Mrs. A.—Where are you going?

Mr. A. (glowing and firmly)—I'm going to crack a wash boiler full of ice and put it on a chair beside a tub, as cold as the water will run; then I'm going to attach the fan in the bathroom and let 'er rip! In about a half hour you can serve me a nice juicy steak at a bunch of fried onions in my bath, darling—just as they used to do in the old days in Rome, you know!

Mrs. A. (shaking up the slip)—But the RULES, Ferdinand! That's everything that the rules say you SHOULD'T do!

Mr. A. (sweetly)—Put the rules on ice, dear. They're unsuitable! (He exits.)

Mrs. A.—Oh, Ferdinand dear, you'll kill yourself!

Mr. A. puts a family size lump of ice in his mouth, turns on the buzzer and slips into the cool water.

Mr. A. (from the soothing waters of the tub)—Sweetheart, I feel at peace with the world. My soul is soaring! Give me a pencil and paper and I'll write a set of "don'ts" that'll put that punk authority of yours out of business! And say—Make that TWO steaks while you're about it!

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